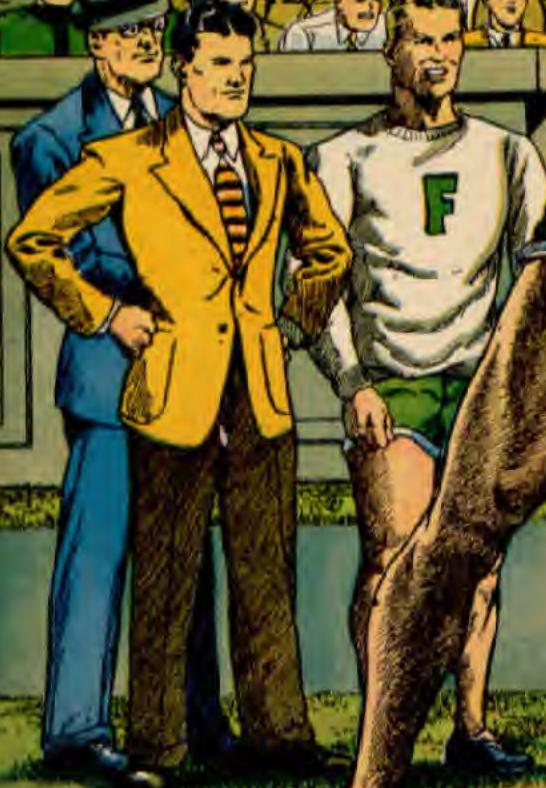


AUGUST

C

BLUE BOLT

10¢



JIM WILCOX

VOL. 7.

NO. 3.

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



BLUE BOLT FLASHES

The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

If you'll read Robert Hageny's letter on this page, you will see that he asks us not to change anything in BLUE BOLT. I wonder if many of you readers realize just how many changes have taken place in BLUE BOLT in the last few years. The very fact that these revisions are not too obvious pleases us editors, but, on the other hand, "time marches on" and BLUE BOLT has to keep up with the progress of the world.

We are continually striving to please the readers and follow in any way possible all the suggestions made, if we consider them of real benefit to BLUE BOLT. Nine out of ten times you readers put us on the right track and we sail through to even more pleasant reading, bettering BLUE BOLT as we go along.

We hope all the changes that we make are steps forward in reading enjoyment for you and that's why your letters of criticism and comment are read so carefully. Our staff looks upon you readers as contributing editors! Those letters are important, so keep writing to us and we'll make only those changes in BLUE BOLT that will give you "critics" MORE for your dime.

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I enjoy every page of BLUE BOLT and I hope you will not change anything in it. If you leave it as it is I am sure you will always have a leading magazine.

Sincerely,
Robert Hageny
Oswego, New York

We are glad that you like BLUE BOLT so much, Bob!

Dear Editors:

I am 14, and ever since I can remember I have been reading BLUE BOLT comics. Mother and Dad both like your comic book. Dick Cole and the Fearless Fellers are our favorite characters.

I am sure we won't stop reading your comics as they are tops with our family.

A faithful reader,
Dorothy Shimick
Bridgeport, Pennsylvania

We are glad, Dorothy, that all of your family get pleasure out of BLUE BOLT comics, too.

Dear Editors:

I like your magazine very much. My favorite stories are Dick Cole and Blue Bolt. I don't get very much out of Edison Bell, because it is not my type of story.

I like the artists that are in the book. For instance, take Jim Wilcox that draws Dick Cole, and Tom Gill that draws Blue Bolt. These two are my favorite artists.

I think there should be more about Krisko & Jasper and Sergeant Spook. Otherwise I think your magazine is pretty good. I am fifteen years of age and my hobby is trying to draw funny pictures.

Yours very truly,
Ruth Harrell
Jacksonville, Florida

Your hobby sounds like fun, Ruth.

Dear Editors:

I wanted to write and tell you how much I enjoy your comic book.

I like all the features in the maga-

zine, but best of all I like Dick Cole, Sergeant Spook and Edison Bell.

As soon as I finish my copy of BLUE BOLT, I send it along to a friend of mine in the Navy, because of the scarcity of paper, and, where he is. I don't think there are any comics as good as BLUE BOLT.

A faithful reader,
Betty Grimes
Swampscott, Massachusetts

It is very nice of you to send your friend in the Navy your copies of BLUE BOLT, Betty.

Dear Editors:

I just got my latest copy of BLUE BOLT. I never want to miss Dick Cole. He's my favorite. Blue Bolt and Krisko and Jasper are some more of my favorites. I also like your printed story, too.

Sincerely,
Hugh Mulvaney
Plainfield, New Jersey

We are glad that you like the whole book, Hugh.

Dear Editors:

I like Dick Cole, Edison Bell and Blue Bolt especially, but the others are okay too. The Q's and A's feature is a big help to me in school.

Whenever I get a new comic my father usually reads it first and he says BLUE BOLT is his favorite comic book.

Sincerely,
Frank L. Widerstrom, Jr.
Wildwood, New Jersey

P.S. Edison Bell's ideas are really neat.

It is nice that the Q's and A's help you in your school work, Frank.

Dear Editors:

I have been reading BLUE BOLT for years and enjoy it very much. My favorite strip is Blue Bolt, but I also like Krisko and Jasper.

However, I do think you should have a girl story in BLUE BOLT.

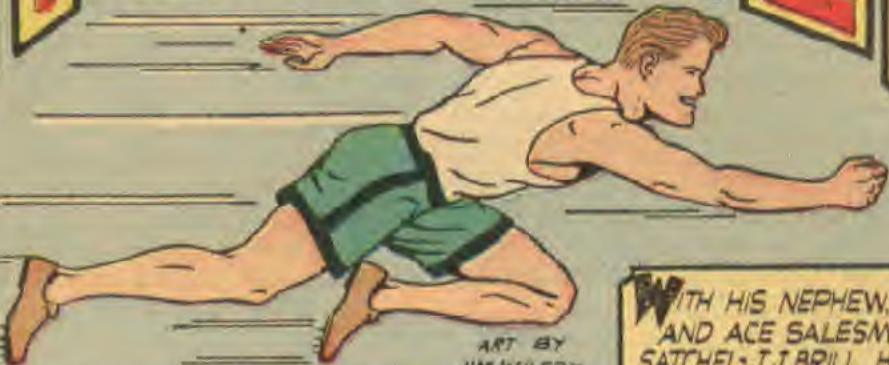
Sincerely,
Joe Barnett
Pampa, Texas

A boy reader who would actually like a girl strip! Good for you, Joe!

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

DICK COLE



ART BY
JIM WILCOX

WITH HIS NEPHEW, BILL BRILL,
AND ACE SALESMAN, SIDNEY
SATCHEL; J.J. BRILL, HEAD OF
THE J.J. BRILL SPORTING GOODS

MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DISCUSSES THE FORTHCOMING BRILL PENTATHLON FOR
WHICH THE CRACK ATHLETES OF THE MILITARY SCHOOL LEAGUE ARE TUNING UP---

THE PENTATHLON'S A
GREAT ADVERTISING
IDEA FOR THE J.J. BRILL
COMPANY, J.J.!

YES, I'M DONATING
A BIG CUP FOR
THE WINNER AND
A WHACKING BIG
CASH PRIZE FOR
HIS SCHOOL!

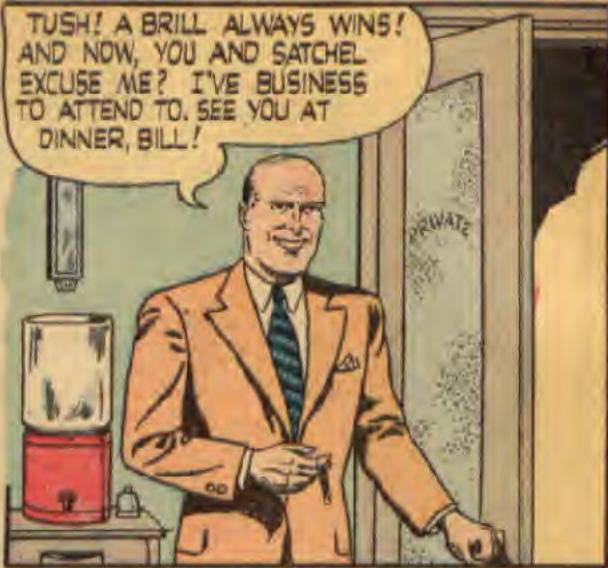


THE SCHOOLS ARE ENTERING
THEIR BEST ATHLETES. IT WILL
BE THE HOTTEST CONTEST IN
YEARS. HOWEVER, I'VE GOT
A HUNCH WHO'S GONNA WIN,
---EH, BILL?

GOSH, UNCLE
JIM! YOU
OVERESTIMATE
ME!



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor
Mel Cummin, Art Director; Peggy Ann Crowley, Associate Editor; Helen Doig Schwid, Editorial Assistant.
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in U. S. A. Member of The Premium Group of Comics. Entered as Second-Class matter, March 20, 1940, at the Post Office
at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical
personages.



A FEW DAYS
LATER--AT
FARR
M.A.

SAY, COLE, THERE'S A
MR. SIDNEY SATCHEL
HERE WHO WANTS
TO SEE YOU IN
PRIVATE!

THANKS, BARK,
SEND HIM IN.

LOCKER
ROOM

AH, DICK COLE!
THE FAMOUS
ATHLETE, EH?

I'M DICK COLE.
I WOULDN'T KNOW
ABOUT THE "FAMOUS".



MY NAME'S SATCHEL.
J.J. BRILL COMPANY.
I HAVE HERE SOME-
THING BELONGING
TO YOU!

WHAT? THAT'S QUEER.
I'VE LOST NOTHING---

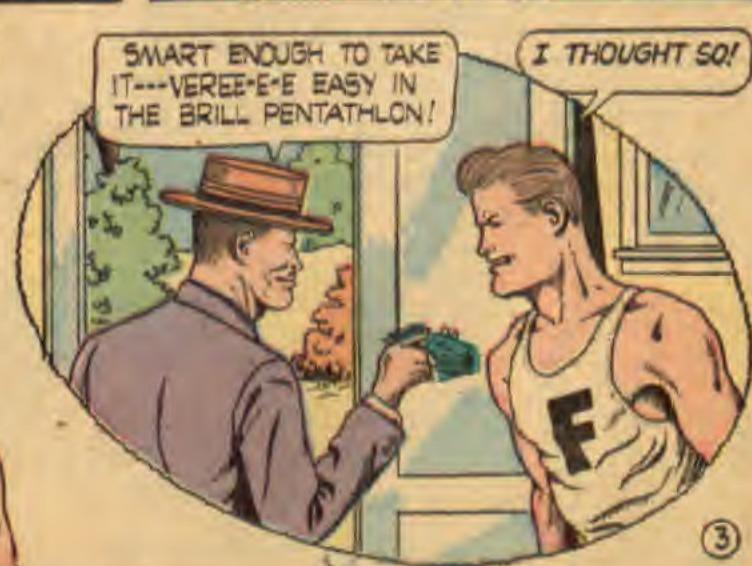


IT'S NO GAG! IT'S
ABSOLUTELY YOUR
MONEY--PROVIDED
YOU'RE A SMART
YOUNG MAN!

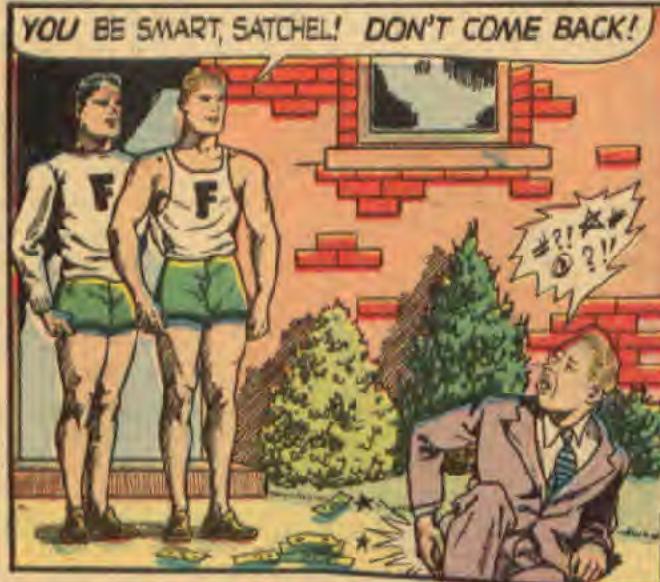
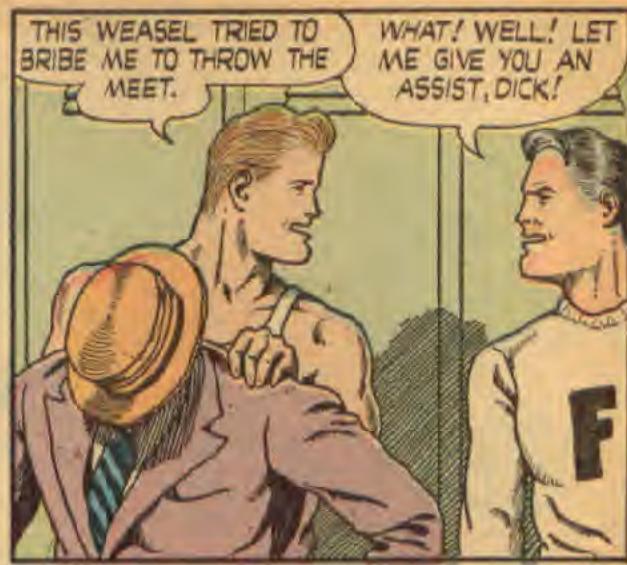
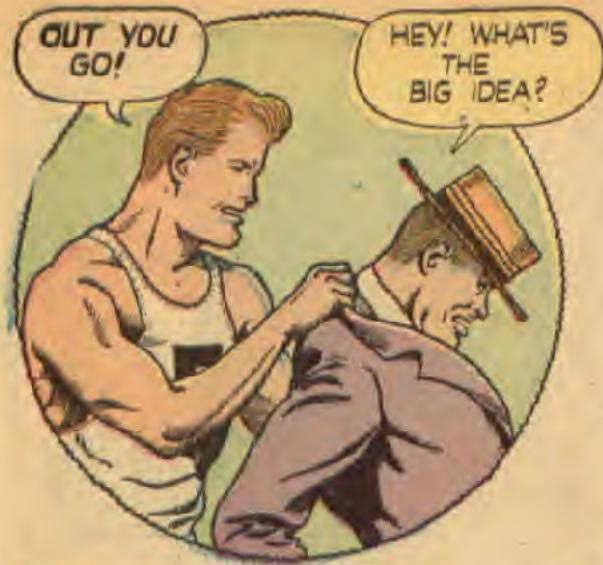
YEAH? JUST
HOW "SMART"
DO I HAVE
TO BE?

SMART ENOUGH TO TAKE
IT---VEREE-E-E EASY IN
THE BRILL PENTATHLON!

I THOUGHT SO!



③



QUESTION No. 2. What luxurious fur is gotten from the weasel?

THE PENTATHLON ATTRACTS
A LARGE CROWD TO THE
BIG CITY STADIUM

DADDY, BUY
ME SOME
PEANUTS?

WHEN WE
GET
INSIDE,
BILLY!

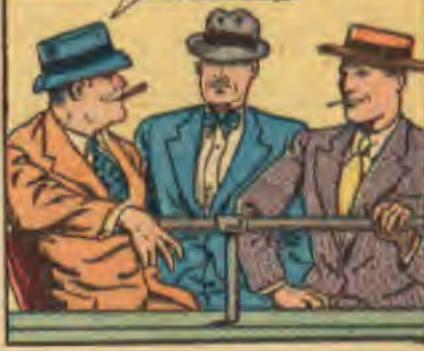
I THINK
DICK COLE
WILL WIN.
HE'S SO
SUPER!

HOW
ABOUT
DALE
JACKS
OF
WILSON?

SEC. A
WON'T
THIS LINE
EVER
MOVE?

THE BRILL BOX INSIDE THE STADIUM.

WELL, FOLKS, THE MEET'S ABOUT
TO START. EACH ATHLETE IS TO
COMPETE IN FIVE EVENTS--AND
DON'T FORGET BRILL FURNISES
ALL THE EQUIPMENT!



A PERFECT DAY! MY NEPHEW WILL
PROBLY WIN. MY EQUIPMENT CAN'T LOSE!
AH, THE FIRST EVENT--THE JAVELIN THROW!



THE
LOUD-
SPEAKER
BLARES--

FIRST EVENT IS THE JAVELIN THROW
WITH DICK COLE OF FARR, LEADING OFF!

GO TO IT, BOYS! DICK, IF YOU AND BARK DON'T
BRING HOME THE BACON FOR FARR, I'M
GONNA CROWN BOTH OF YOU!



SIMBA! LOOK WHO'S HANDING
OUT THE EQUIPMENT! HERE
HE COMES WITH A JAVELIN!
SOMEHOW--I DON'T LIKE IT!

SO WHAT?
I DON'T
GET IT...
DICK!



HERE'S YOUR
JAVELIN, COLE!
GOOD LUCK!

THANKS. I'VE
A HUNCH I'LL
NEED IT.

WHAT'S
EATIN' DICK,
ANYHOW?



DICK GIVES
A MIGHTY
HEAVE ---

WITH MOST
SURPRISING
RESULTS!

WHAT THA--!
WHY THAT'S
LESS THAN
A HUNDRED
FEET! COLE
MUST BE
SLIPPING!

HE MUST BE!
THAT HEAVE'S
NOT WORTH
MEASURING!



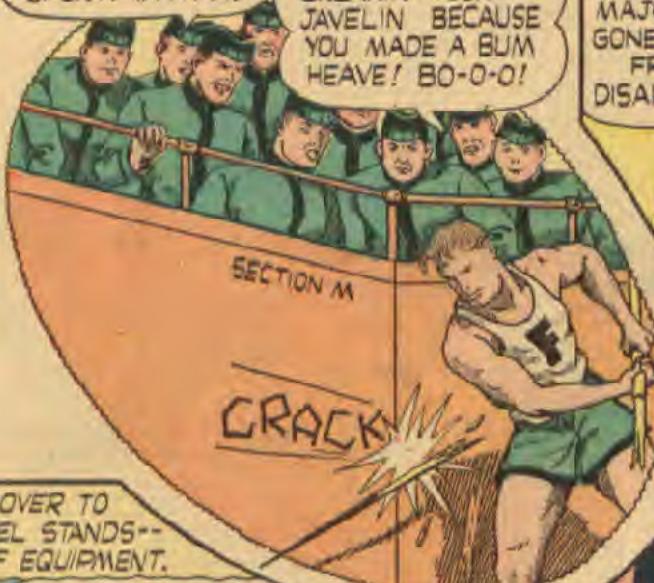
THE CROWD
GASPES AS
DICK RUNS
UP TO THE
JAVELIN--
SEIZES IT,
AND DARTS
TO THE
CONCRETE
STADIUM
WALL --
WHERE---

WHAT A LOUSY
SPORT! YA-A-AH!

YOU SORE HEAD!
BREAKIN' YOUR
JAVELIN BECAUSE
YOU MADE A BUM
HEAVE! BO-O-O!

SEVERAL ROWS AWAY MAJOR FARR
STARES AGHAST!

GOOD HEAVENS!
COLE! HE-H-E--
I DON'T UNDER-
STAND! THIS IS
DISGRACEFUL!



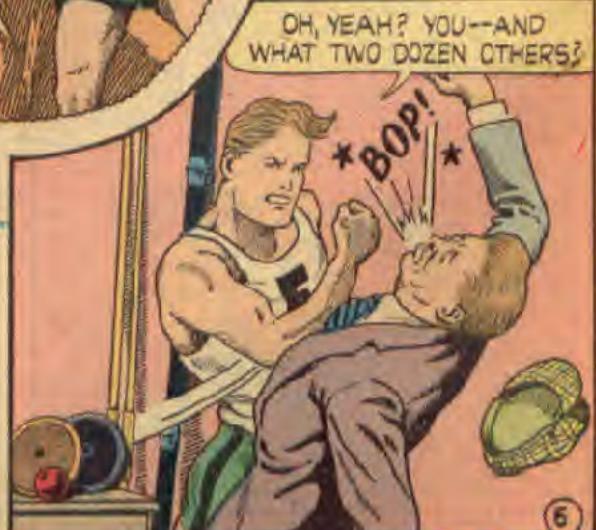
DICK RUSHES OVER TO
WHERE SATCHEL STANDS--
BY THE PILE OF EQUIPMENT.

ONE SIDE,
SATCHEL!

GET AWAY FROM HERE
BEFORE I FLATTEN YOU!



OH, YEAH? YOU--AND
WHAT TWO DOZEN OTHERS?



(6)

QUESTION
No. 3. Was Berserk a hero in Scandinavian mythology?



BARK PLACES FIRST IN THE JAVELIN THROW.



FIRST IN THE 100 YARD DASH--

7

A ANSWER
No. 2. He entered a battle without armour; warlike frenzy was his only weapon.

FIRST IN THE
BROAD JUMP!



AND IN THE DISCUS THROW--

HE DID SO WELL IN THE OTHER EVENTS, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY CADET HALL FAILED SO MISERABLY IN THE DISCUS THROW.



BARK WALKS OFF THE FIELD--

IF SOME LITTLE FAIRY'LL TELL ME WHY I COULD ONLY CHUCK THAT PLATE FORTY NINE FEET, I'LL BE MUCH OBLIGED!



THE PENTATHLON COMES TO A CLOSE, AND BILL BRILL--
GOSH, I ONLY PLACED IN THREE EVENTS--I GUESS MY SNAZZY CONVERTIBLE HAS COME AND GONE.



WHILE BARK HALL--

ANNOUNCING THE WINNER!
CADET HALL OF FARR, M.A.!



I'M CERTAINLY DISAPPOINTED IN BILL'S SHOWING! BUT--WELL, I'D BETTER GO OVER AND PRESENT THE AWARDS TO MAJOR FARR!



MAJOR FARR,
ON BEHALF OF THE
BRILL SPORT--

PARDON, MR. BRILL--BUT I
CAN'T ACCEPT THE AWARDS
UNTIL I HAVE A SATISFACTORY
EXPLANATION OF CADET
COLE'S EXTRAORDINARY
CONDUCT! YOU SEE, SIR--
-- YES, CADET KARNO?



PARDON ME, MAJOR FARR, BUT
SLIP'RY AND I DID A LITTLE
INVESTIGATING. THERE'S
SOMETHING YOU SHOULD
KNOW--AND WE BROUGHT CADET
COLE WITH US--AND MR. SATCHEL!

TAKE IT EASY,
SATCHEL--YOU
AREN'T NERVOUS,
ARE YOU?



QUESTION
No. 1. Is the famous statue Discobolus (Discus Thrower) Greek or Roman sculpture?

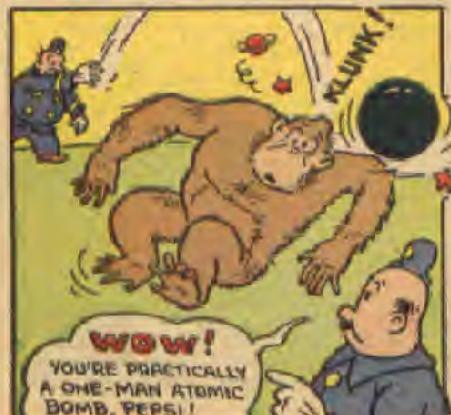
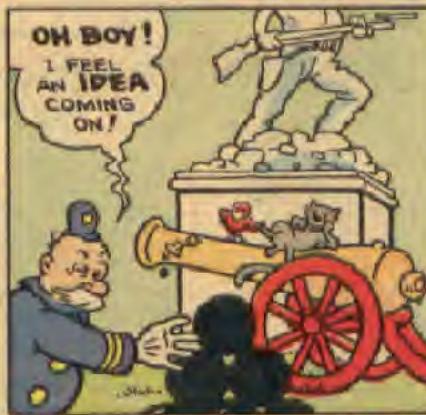


"PEPSI"...

THE

PEPSI-COLA

COA



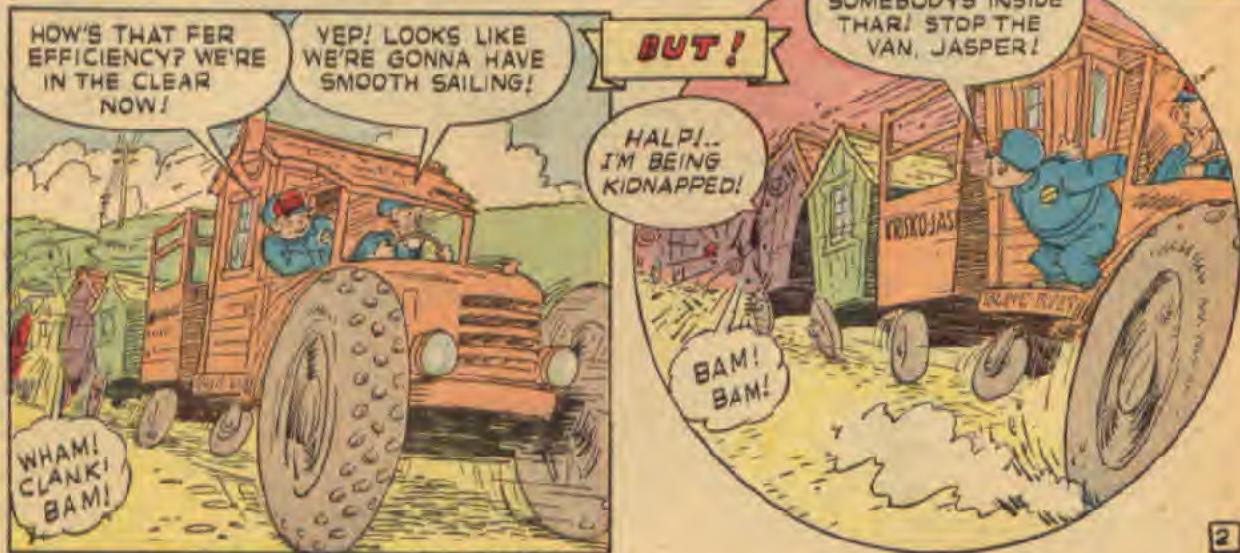
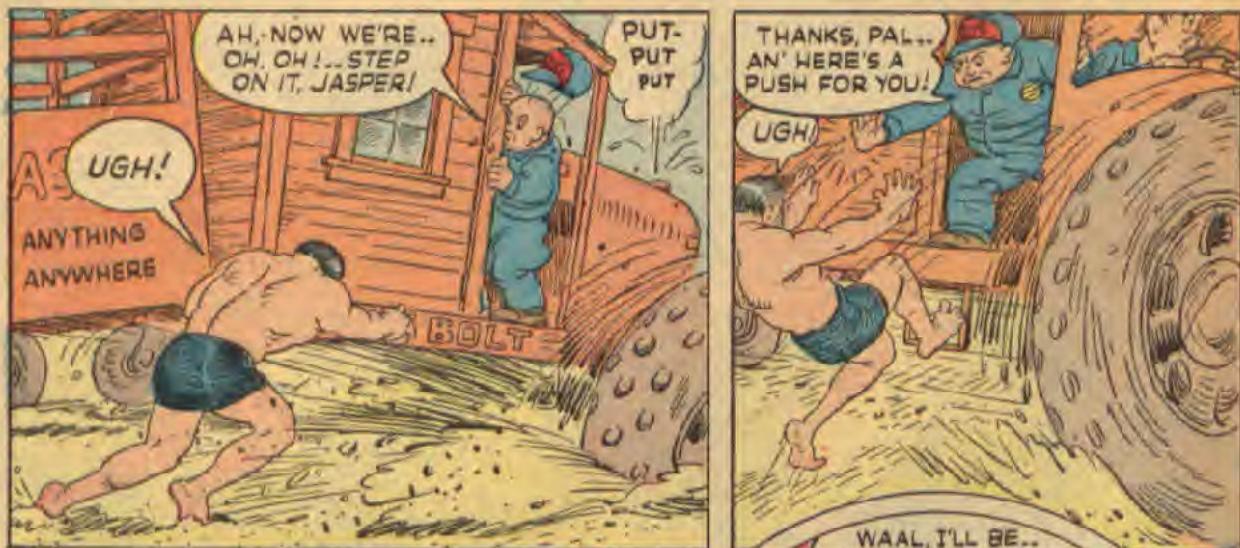
Copyright 1946, Pepsi-Cola Company

Krisko and Jasper

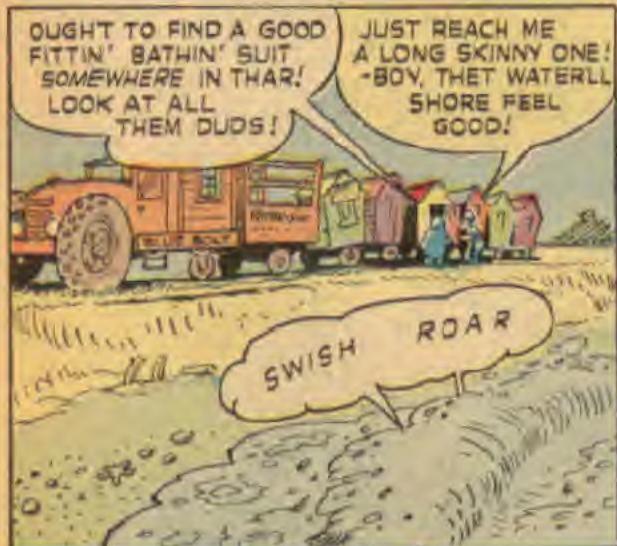
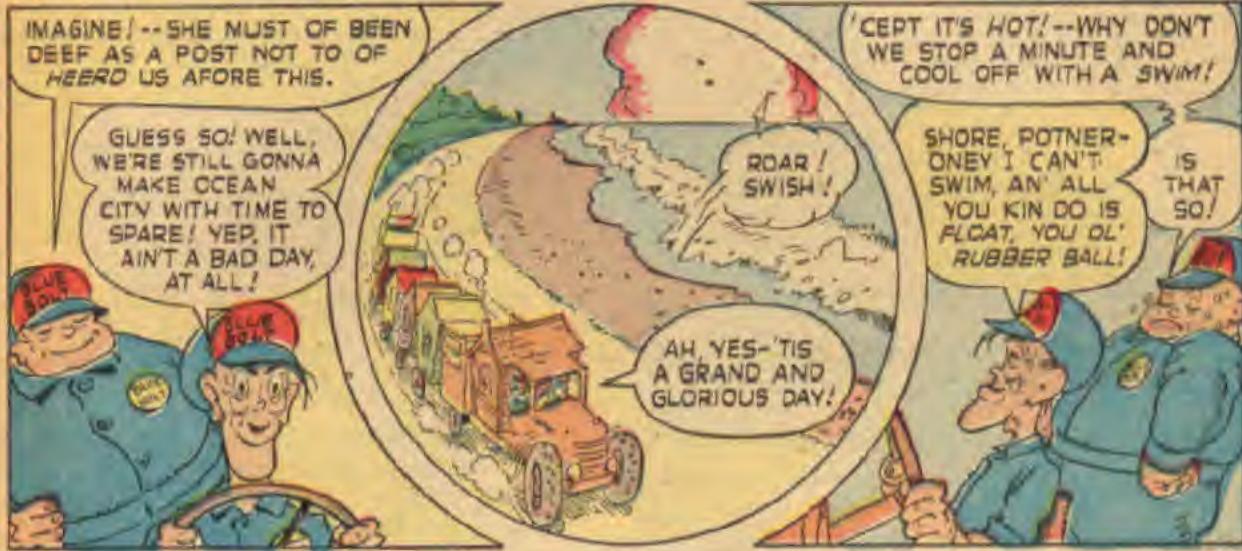
KRISKO - Photo by
THE BLUE BOLT
PHOTO SHOPPE

JASPER - Photo by
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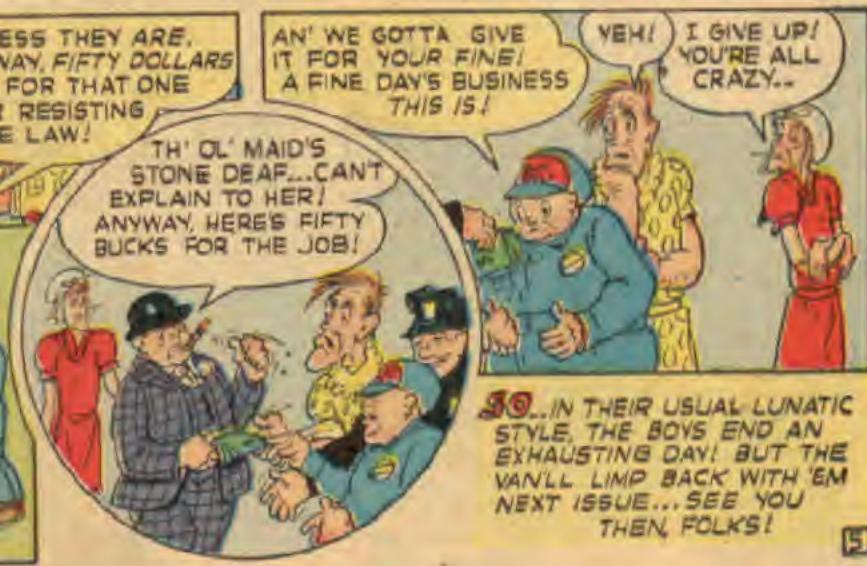




QUESTION
No. 5. Who first concocted a sandwich?





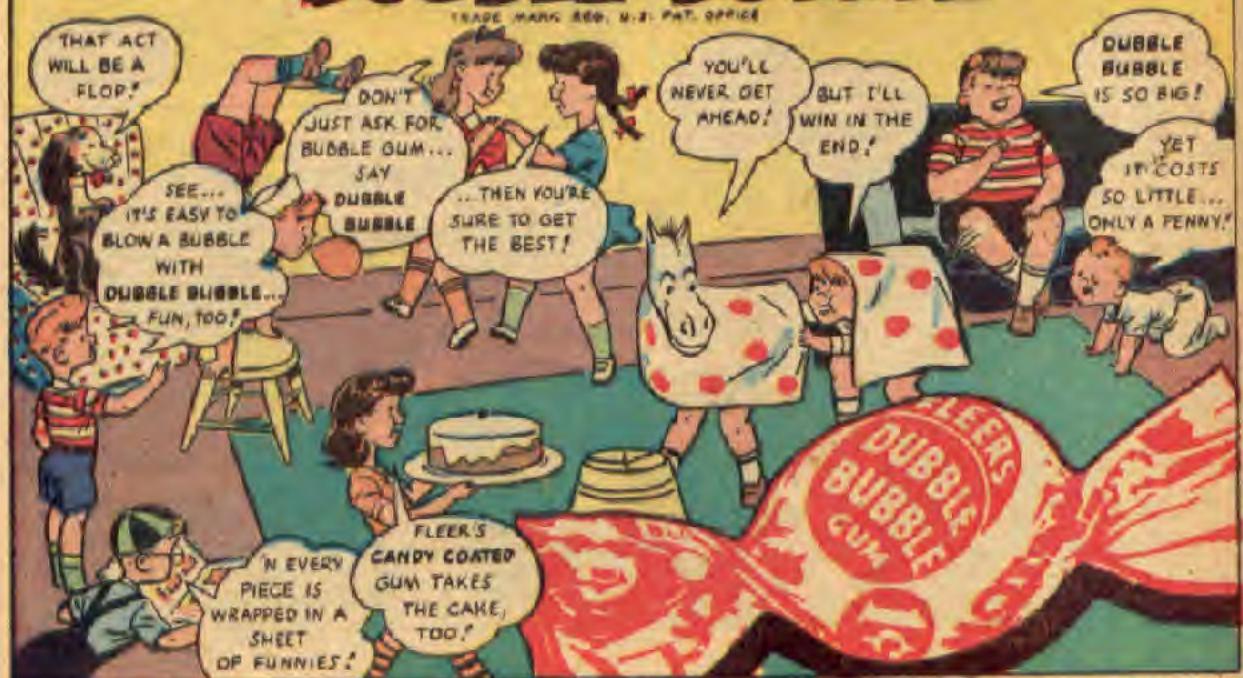


SO...IN THEIR USUAL LUNATIC
STYLE, THE BOYS END AN
EXHAUSTING DAY! BUT THE
VAN'LL LIMP BACK WITH 'EM
NEXT ISSUE...SEE YOU
THEN, FOLKS!



IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE



IF YOU WANT THE BEST, BE SURE TO ASK FOR DUBLE BUBLE

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



FLY TO LAS ROSAS
ISLAND IN THE WEST
INDIES. SOME TWELVE
YEAR OLD KID
INHERITED A THREE
MILLION BUCK SUGAR
PLANTATION!

WOW!
THAT'S
A
LOTTA
SUGAR!

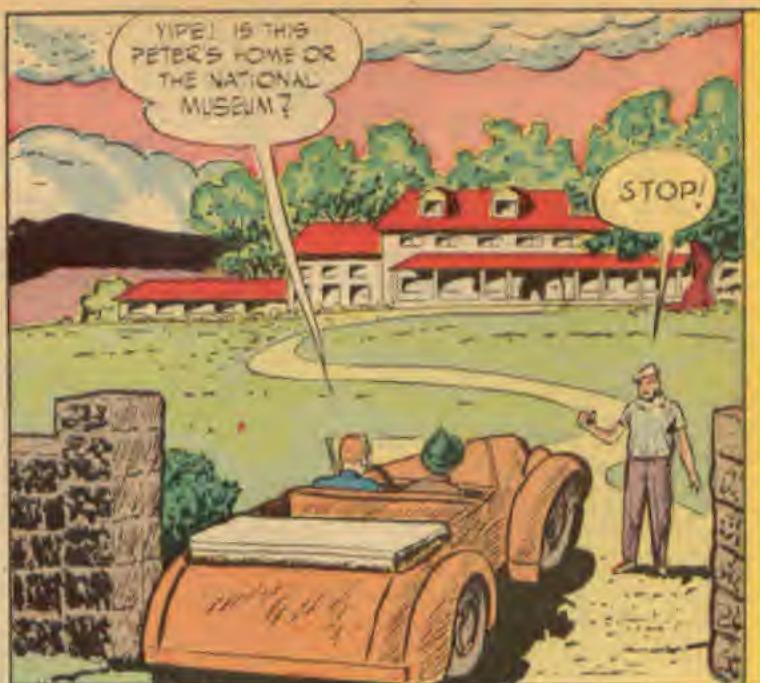
PETER BLACK IS HIS
NAME! -- AND BRING
BACK A GOOD
STORY!



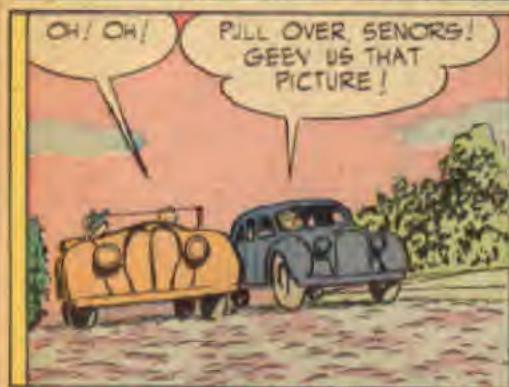
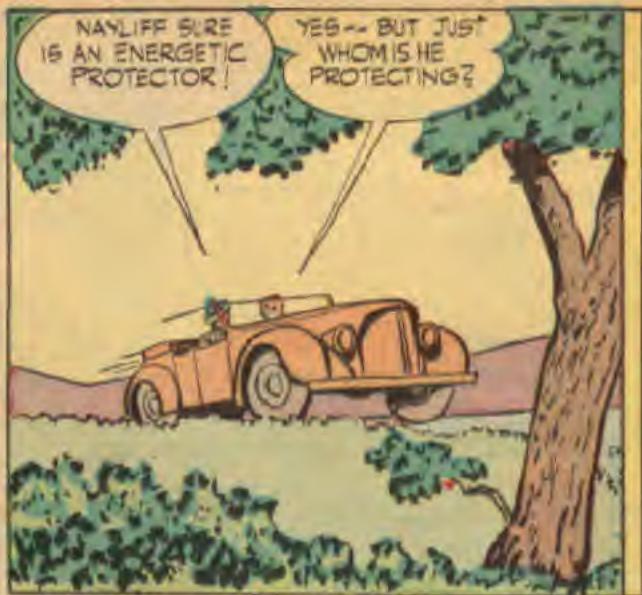
Soon...
WHAT A RACKET
WE GOT, BLUE
BOLT! IMAGINE
BEING PAID FOR A
VACATION IN A
LAND OF SUNSHINE
AND SEÑORITAS!



A FEW HOURS LATER, IN LAS ROSAS

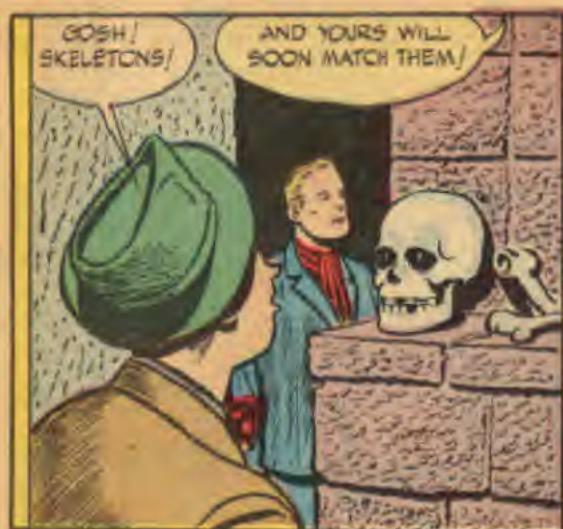


QUESTION No. 7. Who wrote PARADISE LOST?





QUESTION
No. 8 Is it true that vultures rarely attack any living thing?



BLUE BOLT SOON PATROLS THE SEA FOR PETER'S YACHT!

NAYLIFF MUST BE FAR OUT TO SEA, WHERE NO ONE COULD SEE HIS ROUGH STUFF!

NO WITNESSES OUT HERE, SO-- BYE, BYE, KID! THANKS FOR THE THREE MILLION!

LOOK! A PLANE!

OH!

HELP! HELP!

THERE HE IS! HURRY!

CLIMB ABOARD, PETE!

BLAST YOU! I'LL--

WE'LL DO THE BLASTING, IF YOU DON'T SURRENDER! THIS MACHINE GUN TALKS LOUDER AND FASTER THAN YOUR POPGUN!

HE'S GOT US, BOSS!

DON-- YOU'RE THROUGH, NAYLIFF-- AND GUESS WHAT? WE DON'T CARRY AMMUNITION FOR THAT MACHINE GUN! AWWK!

THANKS A MILLION, FELLOWS!

YOU MEAN THANKS THREE MILLION?

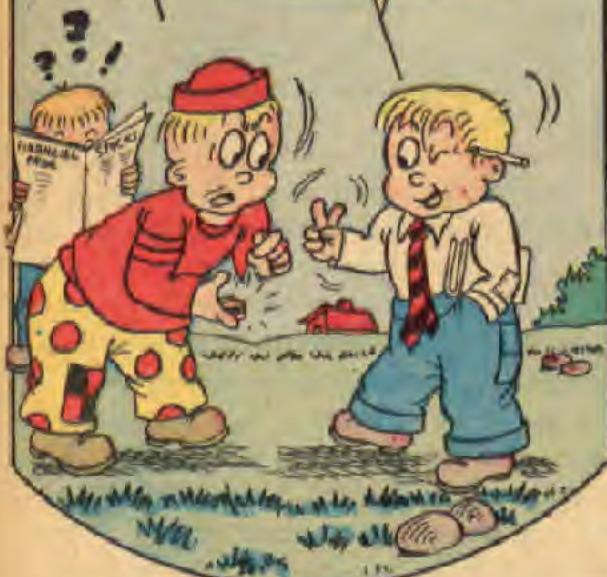
AND "GLIMPSES" WILL THANK US FOR A GOOD YARN-- BUT WHATEVER HAPPENED TO OUR VACATION, SNAP?

HEY - THIS PENNY IS TH' SAME
ON BOTH SIDES!!!

SURE! AREN'T TWO
HEADS BETTER
THAN ONE ???

WOT D'YA MEAN, I'M
A BIG SAP, HUH??

OW! DIDN'T YOU SAY
THAT YOU WERE AS
STURDY AS A
MAPLE TREE?



Bobby Shelby AT THE MOVIES

GEE! BOBBY,
LOOK AT THEM
RIDE DOUBLE!

YEH, BOY! THEY MADE THEIR
GETAWAY FROM CACTUS JOE!

WE'RE TAKING NO
MORE CHANCES!
SHAKE ON IT, BILLY.

NOT EVER! IT Doesn't Pay To
Take A Chance When You Buy
A Bike, Either. Shelby Bikes Are
Tough, And Ride Smooth, Fast
And Easy. They Look "Smooth".
Teal Shelleys Are
A Safe Buy!

JUST WRITE TO:
Bobby Shelby
THE SHELBY CYCLE CO.
SHELBY, OHIO

OUT OF OUR WAY, BOBBY!
WE'RE MAKING OUR
GETAWAY FROM CACTUS JOE.

BETTER PLAY SAFER!
RIDING ON THE
HANDLE BARS
IS RISKY
BUSINESS

THIS TIME IT'S THE BIKE
THAT "GETAWAY". THEY TAKE
A SPILL, BUT THEY'RE LUCKY.

LET ME SEND YOU
PICTURES AND FACTS
ABOUT THESE SWELL
SHELBY'S.
WRITE TO ME,
WON'T YOU?



The **SHELBY**
American's Quality Bicycles™



THE

PLAYS THE THING

THE

BY
PAM ROBINSON



"THE vibrant silence pulsated through the still night, and the stars were rhinestone pinpricks in the velvet of the sky . . ."

"Oh, brother!" Jim howled and threw the manuscript on the floor. He stretched and yawned. "Rhinestone pinpricks," he muttered, then glanced at his sister who sat with one ear glued to the radio and her geometry book on her lap.

"Angel foot," he observed warmly, "your writing stinks."

"You," Pat answered scathingly, "have no appreciation of the finer things. Al thinks it's terrific."

"You're wearing his frat pin, aren't you?"

"That has nothing whatever to do with it!" She pushed a hand through unruly red hair and nibbled determinedly on her pencil. "You naturally have a less descriptive style writing a sport column in the college newspaper."

"Ha!" Jim eased his six foot two out of the couch and handed Pat her story.

"No doubt this will take

every prize in the place, but don't count on it!"

Her geometry book hit the door just as it closed behind him.

* * *

For weeks now Pat had been laboring day and night to write a play for the yearly competition. Each class in high school was represented by one play and for three consecutive years the Senior class had walked away with the silver plaque. Being a determined Sophomore, Pat would stop at nothing. Al, as president of the class, had to pick a play to be presented in the contest and the prospect was losing him countless hours of sleep each night.

"Er, Pat, why not wait till next year?" he implored. "Your style isn't developed fully yet."

"Now or never!" was her reply. "Don't you like my play?"

"Oh, sure!" he insisted hastily.

"Well?"

"OK," Al muttered weakly. Then added, "Let's get a coke," for a good man knows when he's licked.

Days progressed into weeks and finally the time arrived when Al was to make his big decision. The night before he and Pat were plunking nickles into the juke box and limbering up their dancing legs for the big prom.

"Have you decided yet?" she asked him sweetly while he fiddled nervously with the straw in his coke.

"Well, yes, sort of," he conceded. "There are so many to choose from."

The silence was pronounced "Er," he continued, "the rest of the kids on the committee seem to think Jane Stall has a better theme." He paused. Pat remained very quiet, one eyebrow slightly raised. "Naturally, eh—" The straw broke in two and the coke spilled all down the front of his new jacket. He blotted it clumsily with several paper napkins, and barked his shin painfully against the table.

"Well, gee, Pat," he blurted. "Your being chairman of the Spring Prom and everything. You wouldn't have time for any rehearsals, would you?"

Pat said nothing.

"You are chairman of the prom, aren't you?"

"Yes." Very succinctly.

"Don't you think the play and the prom would be crowding things too much?"

Pat looked at him coldly; very, very coldly. "If you consider Jane Stall's efforts so far superior to mine—" She paused and her hand reached slowly for the fraternity pin which she wore right over her heart.

"Oh, goily no!" Al stammered quickly. "By golly, your play will represent the Sophomore class!" He suddenly felt extremely fine about the whole thing, except for the small growing dread of what the outcome would be

* * *

The big night finally arrived and when Al came to pick up Pat he seemed in better spirits than he had in weeks. She looked suspiciously at his smiling face.

"All set?" he beamed.

"All set."

"Brought you two gardenias, Pat. When you take those curtain calls, you must look just perfect!"

"Why, Al, how nice." The unease was evident in her voice. "You, er, seem very optimistic, Al," she observed wisely. "My play must have developed extremely well."

"Oh, it has! It has!" He linked her arm through his and as they walked briskly to the car, he whistled happily.

Pat hesitated. "Just exactly what have you up your sleeve, Al Dunn?"

"Up my sleeve?" He laughed shakily. "Why—why not a thing?"

"You are putting on my play for the Sophomore class, aren't you?"

"Yes, yes, of course, Pat."

"You haven't been putting anything over on me these past few weeks just because I couldn't get to the rehearsals?"

"Oh, no! No indeed!" But Al's spirits were considerably dampened by the time they reached their destination. He settled Pat comfortably in her seat and went backstage. On the way he bumped into Jim.

"Jim," he pleaded, "for gosh sakes be around when the play is over, will you?"

"Sure, kid," Jim grinned. "Get that frightened look off your face, or the fat's in the fire."

"Ok, ok," Al mumbled and continued backstage.

* * *

The Sophomore play was the last one presented and the applause was so deafening that it startled its author considerably. Pat sat very quietly in her seat and when they called for her, it was several minutes before she walked slowly toward the stage. Al watched her nervously as she approached. "And now," he announced quickly, "let me present the author of this fine comedy!"

Pat stood by his side.

"Comedy!" she hissed furiously through her teeth. "Comedy!"

"Although our principal, Mr. Keenan, wished to present the silver plaque to me as president of the Sophomore class, I think it only fair that the author should receive this honor." Al retreated hastily as the principal approached and barely heard the heart-warming commendations that flowed so glibly from his lips. Pat accepted the plaque, made a few appropriate comments and retired smiling from the stage. Jim was the first to reach her.

"Good girl," he smiled. "Your play really went over with a bang."

"My play!" She was on the verge of tears! "You rewrote the whole thing, Jim, and I hate you. As for Al!"

"Wait a minute, honey," Jim said seriously. "I barely touched your script. All I did was turn a third rate melodrama into a first rate comedy. It was the interpretation that counted." He put his arm around her and gave her a tight squeeze. "Angel, you're a darned good writer but you take things much too seriously!"

Then Pat giggled. "It was sort of funny at that!" She laughed up at her brother and her eyes twinkled dangerously.

"Let's find the president of the Sophomore class. There are certain things I have to say to him." As they walked away Pat was humming happily to herself.

HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO

AND HIS PAL HOTSPUR



EGAD, HOTSPUR, MY FRIEND, THIS GLACIAL INCLEMENCY WOULD GIVE A POLAR BEAR PNEUMONIA! THE CLIMATE IS POSITIVELY GELID!

YEAH, AN' BESIDES, IT'S COLD !



LET US HASTEN INTO THE WARMTH OF THIS STEAM HEATED ESTABLISHMENT BEFORE WE PERISH FROM ALGIDITY!

HOTEL

YEH, AN' BESIDES. WE'D FREEZE OUT HERE.



EUREKA! FEAST YOUR EYES ON THE ARRAY OF UPHOLSTERED CHAIRS AND SOFAS! IT'S A VERITABLE PARADISE! LET US HIBERNATE HERE TILL SPRING!

CHEEZ, HEATHCLIFF, DIS IS DUH NERTZ !



EGAD, SIR, THIS IS AN ABOMINABLE OUTRAGE!

OUCH!



I JUST DARE YOU TO VENTURE OUT HERE, YOU ILL-BRED BLACK-GUARD! I'LL RENDER YOU INSENSIBLE!

AN' BESIDES, WE'LL BEAT YA UP !



PICK ME UP AT FIVE, JAMES - UH-HOLD ON A MOMENT, MY GOOD MAN, WHILE I SEE WHAT THE DISTURBANCE IS HERE...



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, GENTLEMEN ?

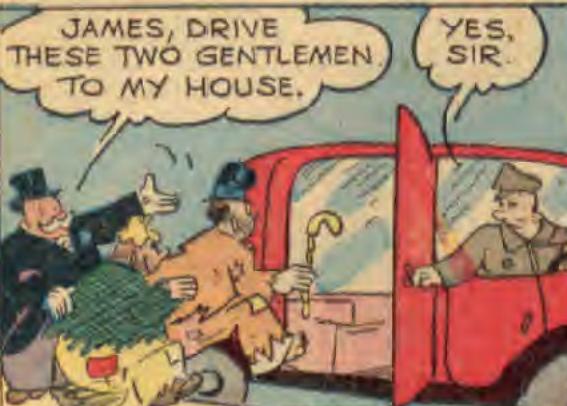
THE TROUBLE, SIR, IS THAT THE WEATHER IS NOT FIT FOR MAN, BEAST, NOR EVEN US! AND WE HAVE NO PLACE TO GO!

DITTO

NO HOME, EH? WELL, I'LL MAKE YOU BOYS A PROPOSITION. I HAVE A HOME IN THE SUBURBS OCCUPIED BY A FEW UNINVITED GUESTS. IF YOU CAN PERSUADE THEM TO LEAVE, YOU CAN USE THE PLACE AS LONG AS YOU LIKE !

WE ACCEPT, SIR!

AND HOW !



WELL, THIS IS IT. I WISH YOU JERKS LUCK.. YOU'LL NEED IT!

PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE UNGOUTH BUFFOON, HOTSPUR.

BOY, DIS SURE LOOKS LIKE A NICE JERNT! - WONDER WHO DEM UNINVITED GUESTS ARE?



WELL, WHOEVER THEY ARE, WE SHALL INFORM THEM IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS THAT THEY MUST VACATE THE PREMISES IMMEDIATELY!

AN' NOT ONLY DAT, BUT DEY GOTTA GET OUT !



YES? YES? WHAT DO YOU WANT ?

WE ARE THE NEW TENANTS, SIR! IS THAT THE WAY TO ANSWER THE BELL, IN YOUR NIGHT SHIRT ?

MAYBE HE T'INKS HE'S AN UNDER-COVER MAN! HA! HA! SOME JOKE, EH, HEATHY ?!





FEARLESS FELIERS

By Joe Donohue.



JUDGE HAS RECEIVED A PRIZE FOR
SELLING MAGAZINES--

BOY, THAT'S
A BEAUTY!

YEAH, AND THEY'RE
SENDING ME A BOOK
ON HOW TO BE
AN ASTRONOMER!

POST OFFICE

GEE, THAT'S GREAT!
WE CAN STUDY
THE STARS!

SWELL! LET'S
BUILD A REAL
OBSERVATORY!

JUDGE LEADS THEM INTO THE POST OFFICE--



COME ON! LET'S BUILD OUR OBSERVATORY WHILE WE'RE WAITING!

HOW'LL WE BUILD IT? WE NEED MONEY FOR LUMBER!

I KNOW--LET'S BUILD A STAND FOR THE TELESCOPE. WE CAN TAKE IT OUT TONIGHT AND CHARGE TEN CENTS FOR A LOOK AT THE MOON!

BACK AT THE CLUB HOUSE --

THIS IS SWELL!

I HAVE THE SIGN FINISHED!

ON MAIN STREET THAT NIGHT--

GEE, IT'S GETTIN' LATE--THAT OL' MOON BETTER COME OUT SOON!

NO MOON--NO MONEY!

LOOK
AT
THE MOON
10¢

GEE, WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!

GIMME THE SIGN--I HAVE AN IDEA!

QUESTION
No. 10. Is the moon a planet, comet or meteor?





QUESTION
No. 11. Is the plural of thief: thieves, thiefs or thieffes?

HE CHARGES, SWINGING THE BAG --



HE BARREL HITS HIS LEGS --



PUDGE LEAPS IN!



REINFORCEMENTS AND THE POSTMASTER ARRIVE!



BLUÉBOLTS and NUTS.



Sergeant Spook



JERRY'S WEEKEND AT JACKIE LEACOCK'S ESTATE UNCOVERS A SINISTER PLOT IN THE HOUSEHOLD! IN FACT, IT TAKES SERGEANT SPOOK TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING ABOUT "JACKIE'S UNCLE FROM INDIA"!

SATURDAY MORNING
...ON THE TRAIN---

JERRY RECEIVES AN INVITATION----!

IT'S FROM JACKIE LEACOCK--WE'RE INVITED TO HIS ESTATE THIS WEEKEND TO MEET HIS UNCLE FROM THE BRITISH INDIAN ARMY!

BOY! LET'S GO!
I DON'T KNOW
ABOUT THE UNCLE,
BUT JACKIE'S SWIMMING POOL
IS SOMETHING!

I BET JACKIE'S UNCLE HAS A LOT OF ADVENTURES TO TELL AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN INDIA!

YEAH!
WONDER IF HE BROUGHT BACK ANY TIGER PELTS!



HELLO, GUYS!
YOU'RE JUST IN
TIME TO MEET
MY UNCLE
BEFORE HE TAKES
HIS SIESTA!

SIESTA?

OH, AN
OLD INDIAN
CUSTOM,
EH?

UNCLE PERCY,
MY FRIENDS,
JERRY AND
PUO!

HOW
DO
YOU
DO!

UMPH! AH -
HOW DO YOU
DO, BOYS?



SAY! THAT'S THE
VICTORIA CROSS,
ISN'T IT? WOULD
YOU MIND TELLING
US HOW YOU GOT
IT, SIR?

I'M A BIT TOO
TIRED TO TALK
NOW! IF YOU'LL
EXCUSE ME,
I'LL GO UP
TO MY ROOM!

HE'S NOT AS GROUCHY AS HE SEEKS!
YOU SEE, MY ENGLISH GRANDFATHER
JUST DIED AND UNCLE'S SORT OF
UPSET ABOUT IT! THAT'S
WHY HE'S HERE, TO
SETTLE THE ESTATE!

OH--! WELL,
MAYBE HE'LL
FEEL LIKE TALKING
LATER! HOW
ABOUT SOME
TENNIS?



THAT EVENING AFTER DINNER...

I'VE NEVER SEEN PERCY
BEFORE THIS VISIT! MY
HUSBAND ALWAYS SAID
HE WAS A WONDERFUL
TALKER-BUT I THINK
THE CUT ON HIS HAND
IS PAINFUL!

OH, THAT'S
ALL RIGHT,
MRS. LEACOCK.
WE'RE
HAVING A
WONDERFUL
TIME
ANYWAY!

THE BOYS SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING AT
THE POOL--!

WATCH THIS!
I'M GOING
TO DIVE
FROM A
HAND
STAND!

GOSH, PUO--
DON'T YOU
EVER GET
TIRED?



AS JERRY CROSSED THE TERRACE TOWARD HIS ROOM...

THE MAJOR IS STILL UP AND--**GUCH!**
HE'S WRITING WITH HIS CUT HAND!



WHAT'S THE MATTER,
JERRY---?
OH! OH!

SHHH!
WE'D BETTER DUCK OUT OF HERE!

THE MAJOR HEARS THEM AND RUNS OUT TO THE TERRACE--AND---

HEY!
I DON'T GET THIS!
I JUST WANT TO GET A LOOK AT WHAT HE WAS WRITING!



SIGNATURES!
WOW! I JUST GOT AN IDEA!

WHY--YOU RAPSCALLION!



THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO MEDdle WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S PROPERTY!



AFEW MOMENTS LATER--IN THEIR ROOM--

BUT WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT? AND MAYBE HE NEEDED SOME PRACTICE AT IT! MAYBE HE JUST FELT LIKE WRITING ANYWAY, HIS HAND HIS SIGNATURE! WASN'T CUT AND THAT'S PRETTY

FUNNY! C'MON, WE'RE GOING TO NEW YORK FOR SOME INVESTIGATING!



JERRY
AND
PUD
STEAL
AWAY
FROM
THE
HOUSE!

YOU MEAN--
YOU THINK THE
MAJOR IS **NOT**
THE MAJOR?

I MEAN TO FIND
OUT, ANYWAY!
GOLLY! HE'S
SPOTTED US!

I THINK IT'S TIME I CONSULTED
WITH SPOOK!

**CALLING
SERGEANT
SPOOK!**

HI,
JERRY/
WHAT'S
UP?

OH, BOY! IT'S
GOOD TO SEE
YOU, SPOOK!

AFTER
JERRY
EXPLAINS!

THINGS
DO SOUND
FISHY/
WE

RIGHT, SPOOK!
ACCORDING TO THE
PAPERS, HE STAYED
AT THE HOTEL
HAMILTON!

OUGHT TO CHECK
UP ON THE
MAJOR'S ACTIVITIES
IN NEW YORK
BEFORE HE
CAME OUT HERE!

AT THE
HOTEL...
THE MAJOR LEFT WITHOUT SIGNING
OUT-- HE HAD CUT HIS RIGHT HAND
AND COULDN'T WRITE.

THANK
YOU!

AND THE DOORMAN ADDS ANOTHER
DETAIL...!

I REMEMBER ONE PECULIAR
THING! A MAN GOT INTO MAJOR
LEACOCK'S TAXI WITH
HIM ONE NIGHT--THURSDAY
NIGHT--IT WAS!

THURSDAY
NIGHT, EH?
THAT FITS
PERFECTLY!

THE REAL MAJOR
LEACOCK MIGHT HAVE
DISAPPEARED THURSDAY
NIGHT--BUT THE PHONY
MAJOR COULD HAVE
STEPPED INTO HIS
SHOES! BUT I'M AFRAID
WE NEED A LOT MORE
EVIDENCE, JERRY!

THAT'S THE TROUBLE.
THE LEGAL PAPERS,
GIVING MAJOR
LEACOCK PART OF
THE ESTATE WILL
BE SIGNED
TOMORROW!

QUESTION
No. 13. Is the fish killer an animal, bug or poison?

SUDDENLY!

WHAT THE-?

QUIET,
BRAT,
AND
YOU
WON'T
GET
HURT!

SPOOK!

GIVE US
A HAND!

HUH?
SPOOK!

PLAY ALONG WITH
'EM, JERRY! HERE'S
THE EVIDENCE WE
WERE LOOKING FOR!



A CAR DRAWS UP--THEN--THE TWO
BOYS ARE TOSSED INTO IT----

DID YOU HEAR
ONE OF THOSE
KIDS SAY
"SPOOK"?

YEAH--
MUST
BE
BATTY!

THIS IS TOUGH
ON JERRY
AND PUD--
BUT IT'S THE
ONLY WAY TO
FIND OUT
ANYTHING!



LONG ISLAND AGAIN--BUT WE'RE NOT HEADED
FOR THE LEACOCK ESTATE! THIS IS A
DESOLATE SHORE LINE!



A LITTLE LATER, IN AN OLD SHACK---

WHERE'S
SPOOK, JERRY?
GOSH! IF WE
EVER NEEDED
HIM--IT'S
NOW!

KEEP
YOUR
CHIN UP!
HE WON'T
DESERT
US!

STILL GABBIN'
ABOUT DAT
"SPOOK GUY"!
EH? HAW! WE'RE
RUNNING DIS
SHOW, NOW!



MEANWHILE, SERGEANT SPOOK PROWL'S
THE SHORE FOR EVIDENCE--AND FINDS IT!

GREAT GUNS! PART OF THE REAL
MAJOR LEACOCK'S UNIFORM----
BLOODSTAINED! THEY MUST HAVE
DUMPED HIS BODY INTO THE SEA!
NOW WE'RE GETTING PLACES!



ANSWER
No. 1a.

It is an aquatic bug which preys on fishes.

IN THE NICK OF TIME, SERGEANT SPOOK SLIPS THROUGH THE LOCKED DOOR!

I'LL CALL UP THE MAJOR'S ESTATE AND TELL HIM EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL!

LET'S GO, JERRY! WE'RE READY FOR A COUNTER-ATTACK!

SPOOK! I KNEW YOU'D COME BACK!

WITH THE BOYS UNTIED, SERGEANT SPOOK THROWS HIS FAMOUS INVISIBLE PUNCH...!

GET ON THE PHONE AND CALL THE LEACOCK'S, JERRY! WELL CLEAN HOUSE HERE IN A HURRY!

I'M ON MY WAY, SPOOK!



BUT MRS. LEACOCK HAS AN EAVESDROPPER...!

THIS IS JERRY, MRS. LEACOCK! DON'T SIGN ANY PAPERS TILL WE GET THERE!

CURSE THE LITTLE MONKEYS! THEY'VE ESCAPED! I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!



SERGEANT SPOOK AND THE BOYS SPEED FOR THE ESTATE. THE THUGS TIED UP IN THE BACK SEAT...

NOW TO GET THE BIGGEST RAT!



AND NOT A MINUTE TOO SOON, THEY CRASH INTO THE LEACOCK HOME!

QUICK, SPOOK! HE'S MAKING HER SIGN THAT PAPER! ---OR ELSE---!



Oof! WHAT THE--



WE'VE GOT PROOF THAT YOUR REAL BROTHER-IN-LAW WAS MURDERED, MRS. LEACOCK! THIS FELLOW IS JUST A CLEVER IMPERSONATOR!



I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, BOYS.

WE'LL TAKE ANOTHER DIP, MRS. LEACOCK!

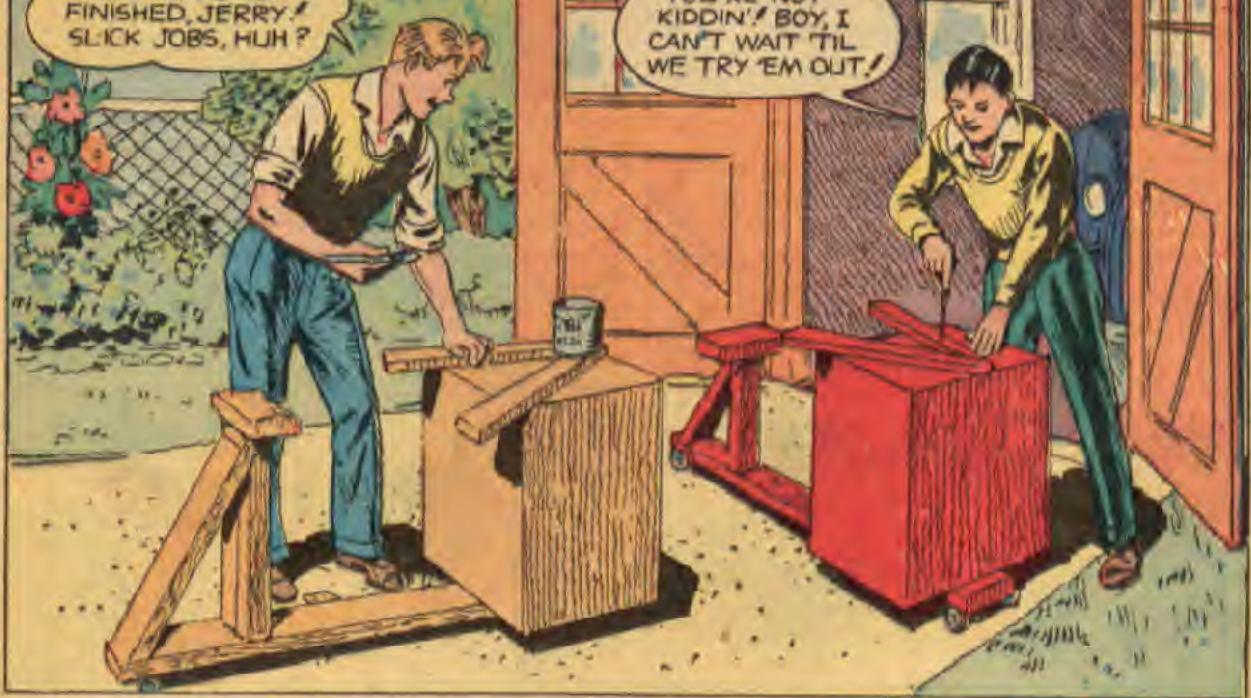


Edison Bell



THEY'RE ABOUT FINISHED, JERRY! SLICK JOBS, MUH?

YOU'RE NOT KIDDIN', BOY. I CAN'T WAIT 'TIL WE TRY 'EM OUT!



TAKE IT EASY 'TIL WE MAKE SURE THEY'RE OKAY. THEY'LL PROBABLY HAVE A COUPLE "BUGS" THAT WE'LL HAVE TO IRON OUT BEFORE WE'RE DONE!

YEH, WE WANT TO HAVE THE BEST! STINKY AND BROCK SAY THEY'RE GONNA HAVE BETTER ONES THAN OURS!



LOOKA DEM HUNKS O' JUNK! IF I CAN'T DO BETTER DAN DAT, I'LL GIVE UP!

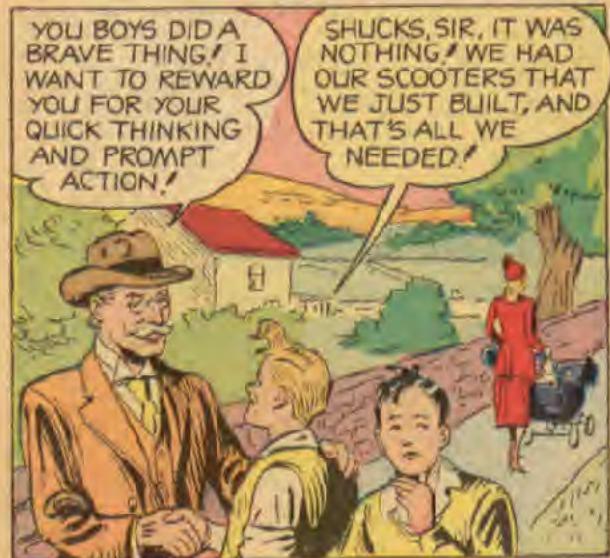
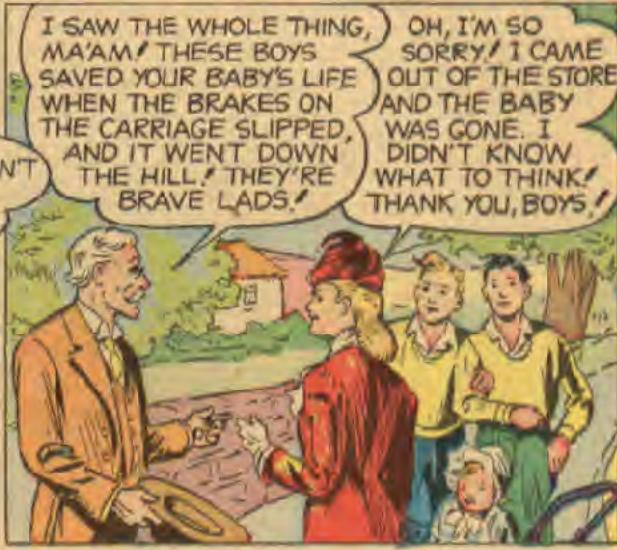
HEY, EDDIE, LET'S GET THOSE GUYS! THEY BURN ME UP.

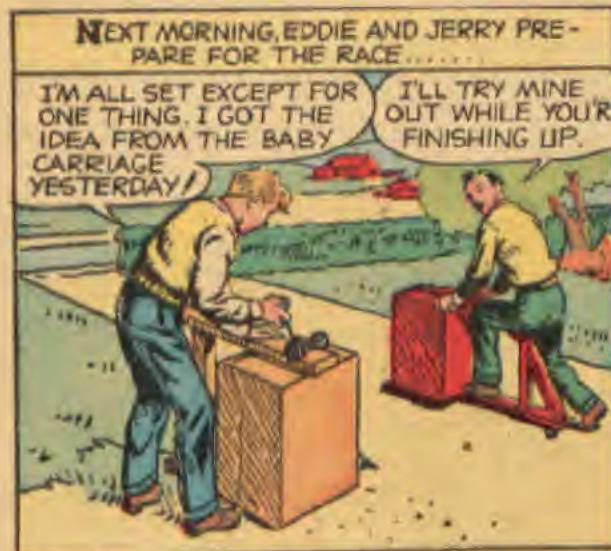
YEH, THEY'RE CRUMMY!

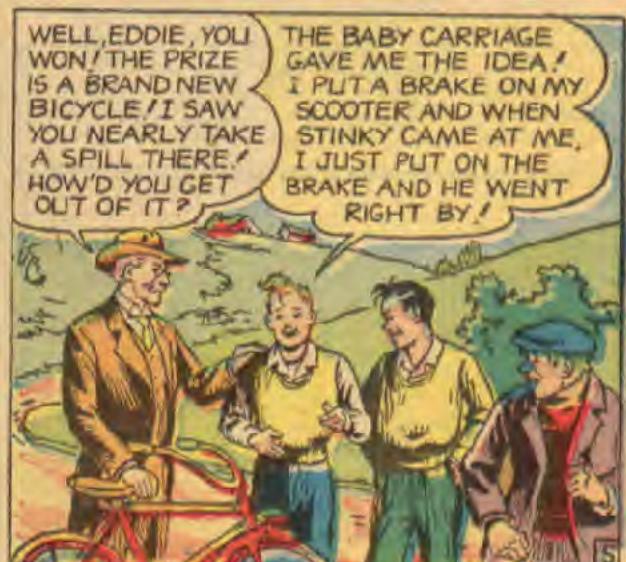
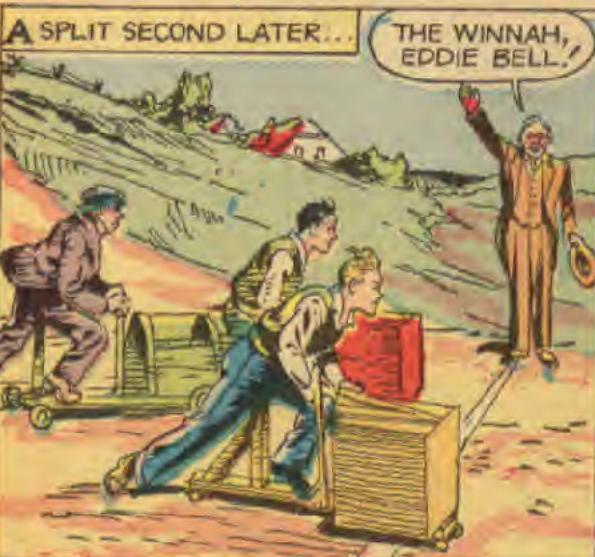




QUESTION
No. 16. Is it true that a mole has no mouth?







LET'S ALL MAKE THIS

SUPER SCOOTER

SPEED!

IF YOU LIKE, PAD THE SEAT AT REAR WITH RAGS, COVER WITH PIECE OF OILCLOTH.

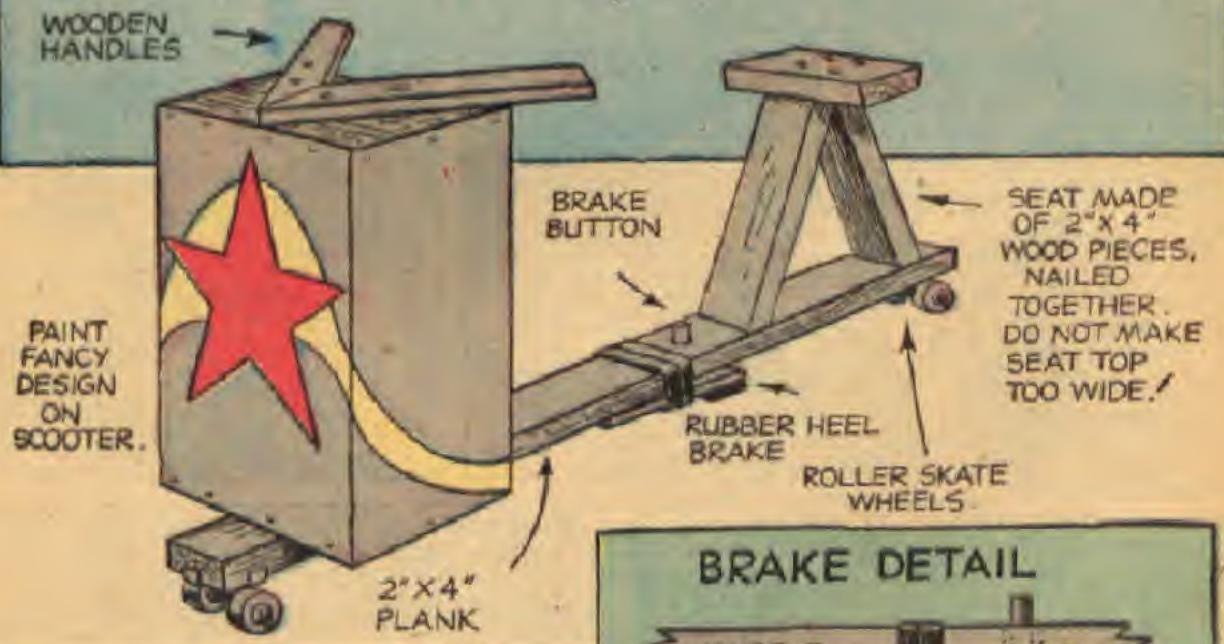
H

ERE ARE THE PLANS FOR A SCOOTER JUST LIKE THE ONE EDDIE BELL USED TO WIN THE RACE IN THE FOREGOING STORY!
—GET BUSY!

THRILLS!

FIND YOURSELF A STURDY SOAP BOX FOR YOUR FRONT PIECE, AND NAIL IN PLACE.

BILL



FOR SCOOTER'S WHEELS, TAKE OFF CENTRAL BOLT AND NUT OF AN OLD ROLLER SKATE. NAIL ONE HALF OF SKATE AT FRONT END OF SCOOTER, OTHER HALF AT REAR. KEEP WHEELS WELL OILED!

BRAKE DETAIL



TWO STOUT RUBBER BANDS TO HOLD BRAKE UP IN PLACE.
DOWEL, LOOSE, IN HOLE THROUGH MAIN 2" X 4"

To stop scooter, step on dowel. Dowel forces rubber heel (nailed to board, hinged to bottom of scooter) down to ground.

Boitram THE Boiclar

CLERKS
WANTED
APPLY AT
HORN-OF-
PLENTY
OFFICE.
6TH FLOOR

HM.. CLOIKS
WANTED, EH?
MAYBE WE
OUGHTA TRY
IT, EGBOIT.

YA MEAN WOIK?
HONEST TERL?..
WHATSA MATTER,
BOITRAM, YA
GONE SOFT?!



ART
HELPANT

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 SHOOTS 50 CAPS**

Automatically



**RAPID FIRING
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 A REAL .45**

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Same as No. 51. All burnished aluminum handles and 20 assorted blades. \$5.00. (See above.)

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